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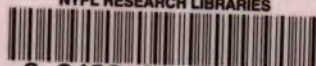
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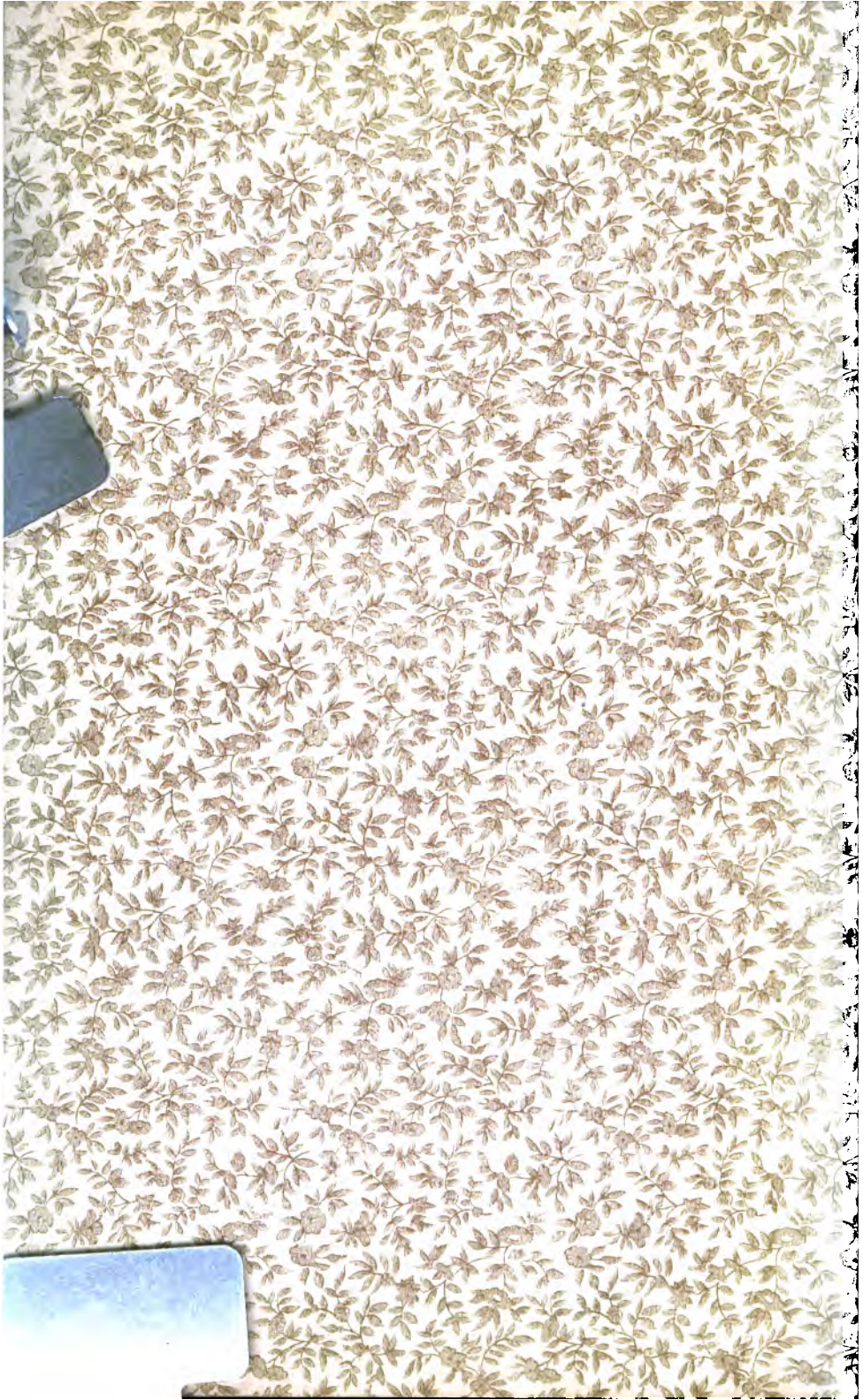
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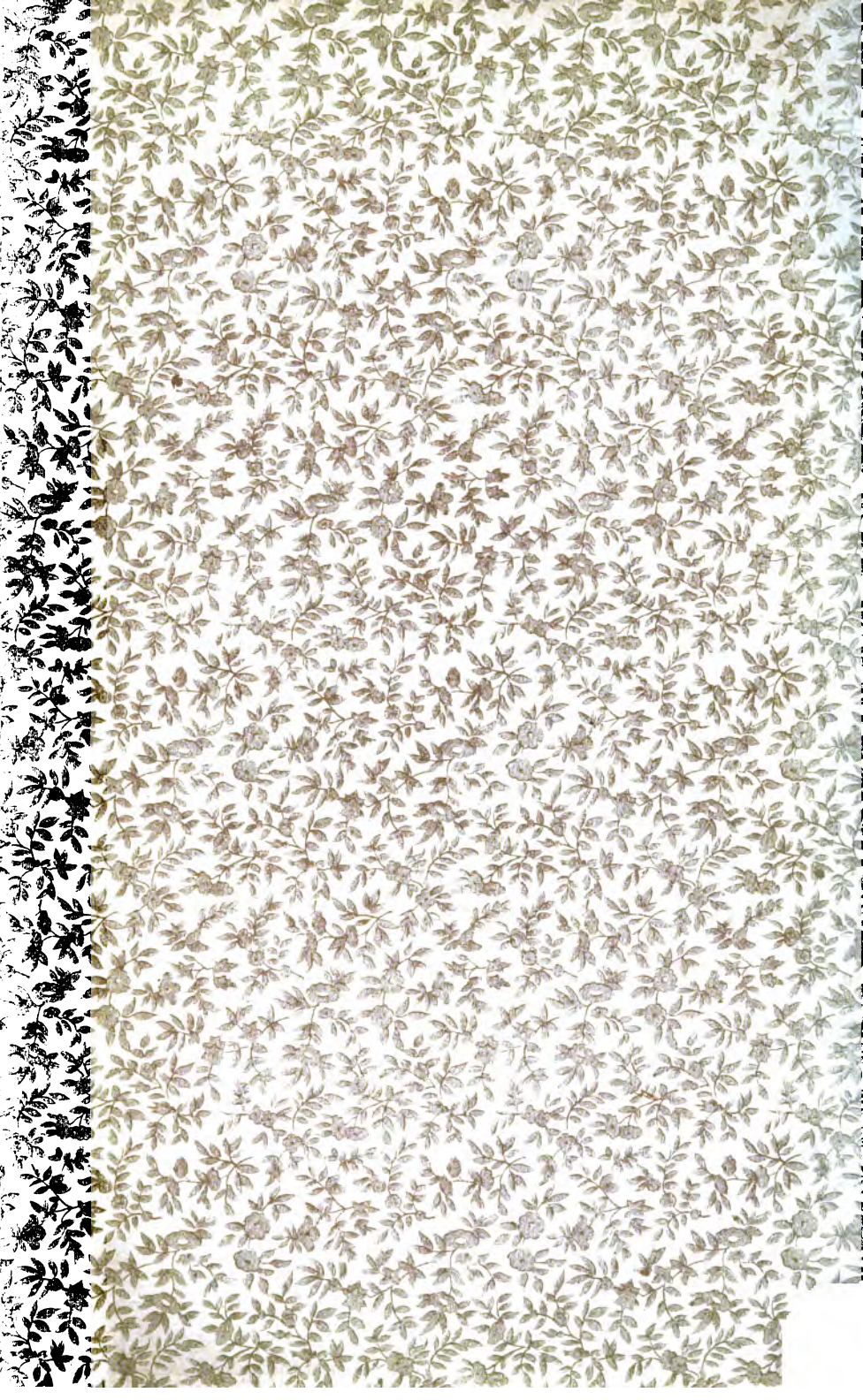
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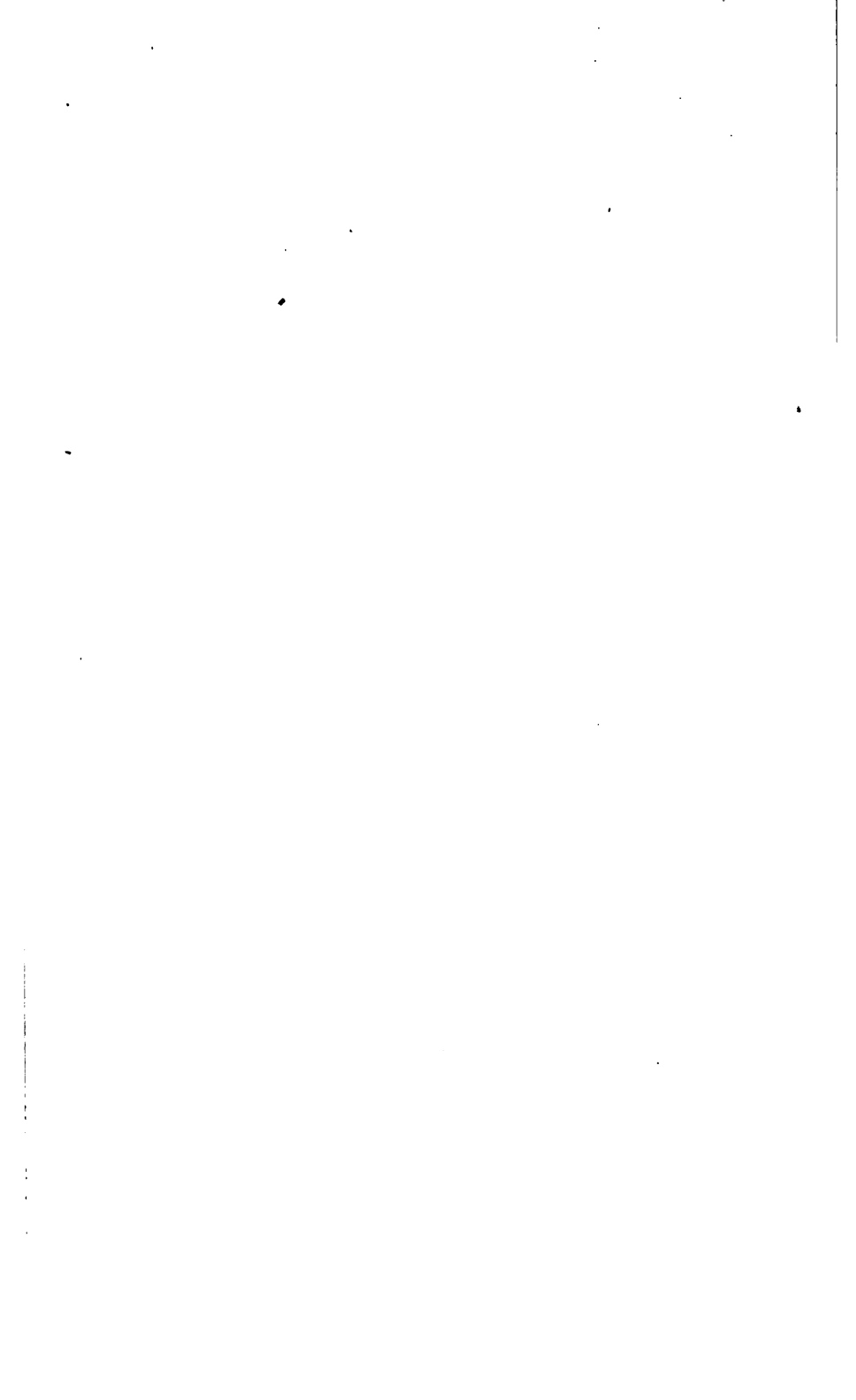
BETWEEN WHILES.





1. *Caecy. & m. m. m.*

To
Mrs Lizzie Smith
From E. H. M.
March 12, 1900

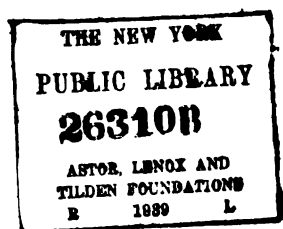


BETWEEN WHILES

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By
EDWARD HALLETT MACY


NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
A. E. COFFIN, PRINTER, 69 PURCHASE ST.
1896



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Prefatory Note.

In presenting "Between Whiles" to the public, its author desires to give a word of explanation:—the poems herein contained are not wholly the result of recent endeavor, but represent nearly all of the writer's work along poetical lines from a very early period up to the present time. Many have been published—but do not necessarily now appear in the order of their publication—and, to these, are added others that now, for the first time, are seen in print. It is the wish of the author that among the diversity of material here gathered, there may be help and interest for every reader. E. H. M.

New Bedford, Oct. 20, 1896.

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OVER THE CLOVER.

Rover runs over the clover —
Over and over,
Clover and Rover,
Over and over the clover —
Over the sweet scented clover.

Rafter, with laughter, comes after —
After and after,
Rafter with laughter,
Over and over the clover —
Over the sweet scented clover.

So, till the long day is over,
Rover and girl
Turn, run and whirl
Over and over the clover —
Over the sweet scented clover.

McDAPHAL'S RIDE.

McDaphal he rode to the city one morn—
Rode in his cart filled with milk cans and corn—
To the Moter street market his produce to sell—
Produce whose merits all the people could tell—
And he smiled to himself and he laughed in his glee,
“Where's the corn that can beat mine in size?—te hee!”

The people called to him as their houses he passed—
The poor and the rich, for the prices he asked
Were suited alike to every man and his station—
To the cotter as well as his richer relation.

Thus McDaphal he rides to the city each morn—
Rides in his milk cart filled with milk cans and corn;
On his milk being milk you can always rely—
He depends not on pumps for a fuller supply;
And, although in his town no inspector is found,
His milk beats all milk in the country around.

HAPPINESS.

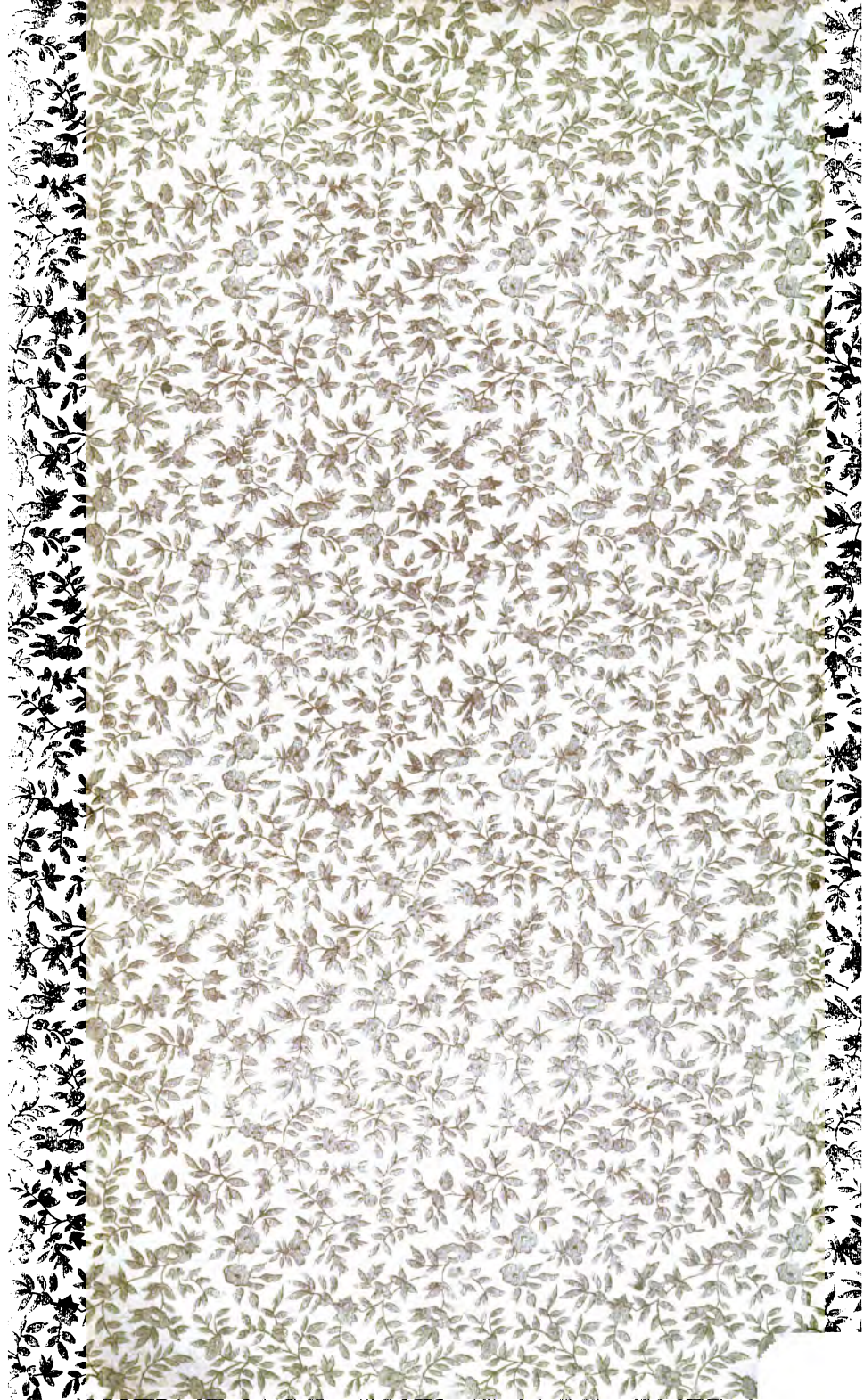
O, to be perfectly happy,
With ne'er a thought of care,
Contented whatever may be—
No matter where we are!

But O, how vain this wish of mine—
Real happiness is rare:
Although this moment has no pain,
The next one brings despair.

Still, do good to those about us
And then we'll surely see
That, in making others happy,
The happier we will be.

PASSED AND SMILED.

She passed, and all a flutter
My heart began to be;
Passed, but no word did utter—
She only smiled on me;
But I entered on my duties
As pleased as any child—
The world took on new beauties
For she had passed and smiled.



1. The City, & the County.

To
Mrs Lizzie Smith
From E. H. M.
March 12, 1900

SHADOW DREAMS.

As I sit here in the gloom,
The fire's glow lights up the room
And the shadows dance along the floor and wall;
And I cannot help but make
Shadows, grim and ghostly, take
Familiar forms that mem'ry bids recall.

And I see, once more, the mill
Standing on the little hill,
Hear again the merry splashing of the brook
As it falls the old wheel o'er—
Sweetest music, give me more!—
Rushing ever onward to the sea. But look!

See, far out upon the water,
See the loved form of my daughter!
“O, my God!” I shriek to see her helpless there;
But a laugh drowns all my screaming
And “Papa, you've been a-dreaming,”
Wakes me from a troubled sleeping in my chair.

HIDDEN SORROW.

O, the hearts so full of sorrow,
Hidden 'neath a smiling face,
Which, although they may be breaking,
Give to us no outward trace.

Hearts that turn from idly moping,
Making others sad as they,
And in acts, to all appearance,
Are the “gayest of the gay.”

All their grief with patience bearing
Till the coming of the day
That shall see them safe in heaven
Where all care shall flee away.

HOME AGAIN.

Nantucket, who, with outstretched arms,
Welcomes a wanderer home again,
Where doth lie thy famed charms?—
Why am I glad to get back again?

Thine was the isle that gave me birth
And not a spot in all the earth
Is linked to me with ties like thine
(O, happy days of Auld Lang Syne!).

Nantucket, I am old and gray—
Not many years and then away—
But what care I in death to lie?
Seen thee again, content to die.

O, take me, when the end is near,
When I must go from haunts so dear,
Back to my youthful home to lie
Till, lulled to rest by the waves, I die.

WOULD YOU CALL THEM BACK AGAIN?

Would you call them back again —
Loved ones crossed to fairer shores—
Back to earth and sin and pain,
If the mighty power were yours?

Would you have them know once more
Trouble which they knew in life,
Now that care for them is o'er
And they 're free from earthly strife?

Say not that 't would make thee glad,
Waking them from dreams of peace,
Rather think, when lone and sad,
Of meeting them when life shall cease.

SEPARATION.

Why do we mourn our loved at rest?
Why do we weep? Among the blest
They dwell in peace for evermore;
Not lost, but only gone before.

Why do we weep? A little while
And we shall see their greeting smile,
And clasp again their outstretched hand,
Now beck'ning from the better land.

United, then, for evermore
At rest—all care and sorrow o'er—
To dwell in peace—no fear of pain
That separation brings again.

WHEN I DIE.

When I die, may angels bear me
To that land of peace and rest;
When I die, to realms of glory
May I go to join the blest.

Shall I think of those behind me,
Left a little longer there,
When I'm in that land of loving,
Wishing them my joy to share?

Shall I listen for their footsteps
Coming to the great white throne?
Shall I long to see their faces,
Feeling sad and all alone?

No, for in that land of beauty,
All of hope and longing cease;
Jesus reigns! and, in his presence,
We enjoy eternal peace.

OCTOBER.

I wandered through October's woods—
The trees, once bright with green,
Now stood in Autumn's mantle 'rayed,
And not a leaf was seen.

I thought of some poor souls on earth
Who, clothed in grief and sorrow,
Await, with patient hearts, a day—
The Christian's glad "to-morrow"—

When, through the gloomy gate called "death,"
Their tired feet shall stray—
We thank thee, Lord, that, e'en as trees,
Our souls shall change that day;

No more to hope and then despair—
All earthly woes shall cease—
And changed our robes of grief and care
For those of endless peace.

DESTINY.

O, Destiny!—thou who thwarts our best laid schemes
And, ruthless, destroys our coveted dreams—
To thy arms we fly, though 'gainst our will,
And find thee but a traitor still.
Tho' well we know that, could we choose
A seeming bright way for our use,
That, in the path, more woes we 'd find
Than in the way by thee inclined.

So, Destiny, we fly to thee,
Hoping what is, is best to be;
Trusting events, tho' seeming ill,
Working together, our cup will fill
With happiness, and flow it o'er
And bring contentment evermore.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Heart of mine, why idly moping,
Grieving for what might have been,
If thy nature, prone to error,
Had not lured thee into sin?

Shall the ever present mem'ry
Of a fault confessed, forgiven,
Reckless and all aimless make thee
And destroy thy soul for Heaven?

Stir thyself, O heart despairing,
Drifting on life's troubled sea,
Disappointed in the "might have been,"
Make the most of "is to be."

CHILDHOOD'S PLEASURES.

As we journey toward the harbor
On the stormy sea of life;
As we fast approach death's portal,
Weary, fainting with the strife,
Pleasures, oft in childhood tasted,
Seem far dearer now than then;
And we sigh and say, in sadness,
"They will ne'er return again."

They are over—priceless pleasures!—
Youth, enjoy them while you may —
You will one day stand, as we do,
Looking back to childhood's day;
And the tears will fall unbidden—
As you bear life's cross of pain,
You will sigh and say in sadness,
"Boyhood days, return again!"

FORTUNE.

There are times, in life's hard journey,
When we murmur 'gainst our lot—
When we sigh for all the pleasures
Others have and we have not.

Most of all we sigh that Fortune
Has not smiled upon our way,
Pouring in our hands the dollars
While we sit and wait all day.

Strange that we should ne'er remember
Fortune never likes a shirk,
But that all she ever smiled on
Courtied her by earnest work.

Once know this, our way seems clearer—
Forward, then, and on, we press,
Till our efforts are rewarded
By a lasting, sweet success.

But the love of worldly pleasures
All has fled with lapse of years—
Wealth at last crowns all endeavor,
But contentment ne'er appears.

EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

The day is done: the sun's last ray
Is fading in the west,
And now, o'er earth, comes twilight gray
That heralds night and rest.

From pastures, green with dewy grass,
The cows are driven home
By barefoot boy or buxom lass
For milking time has come.

In barn, now sweet with new mown hay,
The evening tasks begun,
The farm hands joke and work away
Until the chores are done.

And then, when all is fast for night,
They reach the house and find
A welcome and well-earned respite
And leave all care behind.

Without, night's robe is all unfurled
And, from it's ample fold,
Are shaken stars which, at the world,
Are blinking eyes of gold.

Now all is silence and repose—
All hushed is earth and air,
For nature hails, with joy, day's close
And peace is everywhere.

'T IS BEST.

“Lift up your head, O Rachel—
The sun is beginning to rise
And the glory of the morning
Is flooding the eastern skies;
And cease thee now from weeping—
Let sorrow flee away,
For our boy is peaceful sleeping
That we prayed might see the day.”

And he led her to the bedside
Where her little treasure lay—
The lines of pain and suff'ring
Forever smoothed away;
A smile of peace and beauty
Proclaimed a sleep of rest,
And, soft and sweet, the mother said,
“Thy will be done—'t is best.”

'T is best: this blest assurance
 Illumes the Christian way—
However rough the journey seems,
 However dark the day
'T is best. The prayer unanswered,
 Unanswered may remain
But that, through suffering, the trusting soul
 May greater bliss attain.

'T is hard to understand it now—
 Sometime our hearts will see—
When looking back the way we came,
 What was, was best to be.

'T will all be plain to us at last,
 In some long looked for day
And, in a voice of praise to God,
 We'll thank him for "the way."

AMANS.

When she smiles, I love her,
 For then, upon her face,
The rarest beauties hover
 That angel fingers trace.

When she speaks, I love her,
 For, from her lips, I hear
The word that shows, above her,
 Angelic forms are near.

When she weeps, I love her,
 For angels weep as she—
The tears her fair face cover
 In sympathy for me.

Because she loves, I love her—
 Because her love is mine,
O'er us the angels hover
 And make our love divine.

"TIME WORKS WONDERS."

I loved a maid with flaxen hair—
This little maid loved me,
I asked, would she my fortune share?
"I'll be your wife," said she.

Her father, who consent withheld,
Was firm as dads can be—
"Then, since elopements are the rage,
Why, we'll elope," quoth she.

Her pa pursued and caught us both,
Ere she my name could bear,
And brought us back in deep disgrace,
A sad, but wiser pair.

And now, whene'er I see her face
And hear her scolding tongue,
I thank the fates for my escape
That day, when I was young.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

If cherished hopes, when once attained,
Are not as pleasing as you thought;
If fondest dreams, fulfilled at last,
Give not the satisfaction sought;

Despair thee not, nor be downcast—
'Tis but the common lot of all—
No joyous hour but grief is near
And comes at recollection's call.

But look above the world's deceit,
When prone to murmur 'gainst thy lot,
And find, in sweet commune with God,
The peace and happiness you sought.

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

There is no heart — however vile 'though seeming —
On God's earth anywhere,
But, in it's deep recesses, dormant, dreaming,
Some germ of good is there.

Some germ that only 'waits a kindly token
A Christly heart may give
By pleasant smile or word, in kindness spoken,
To bid it wake and live.

Ah, sad our eyes should be so often blinded
By bent to judge from sight —
A heart of sympathy and love, Christ minded,
Rash judgment puts to flight.

It sees, in every wayward, fallen brother,
Far more than common clod,
And wakes to life the Christ within the other
And leads it to it's God.

AT EVE.

Into the west the sun goes down,
Tinging with blood.the sky,
Shedding a farewell glow on the town,
Telling that eve is nigh.

And, as it sinks away from sight,
The sunset gun is free,
And, from the lighthouse tower, the light
Beams on a heaving sea.

Swiftly the twilight fades away,
Bearing night's curtain down—
The Angelus hails the close of day
And silence rules the town.

THANKSGIVING.

'T was in a little village church—
I worshipped there one day,
And blessed are the mem'ries
From there I bore away;
The people seemed all full of praise
That kept a-bubbling o'er
In happy shouts of "Bless the Lord"
And "Amens" by the score.

And then the talk the preacher gave,
It did my old heart good!
'T was full of how God's love to us
Through centuries has stood.
He counted all our blessings o'er—
Health, home, and church and friends,
And then the hope of heaven at last
And joy that never ends.

And, ere the grateful service closed
With benediction sweet,
The happy people stood and sang—
Their hearts right at God's feet;
From every voice there came the song—
Though some were cracked and slow—
The song of love and praise to God
From whom all blessings flow.

NANTUCKET.

Nantucket, 'tis of thee,
Isle in the restless sea,
Of thee I sing.
Fair land that saw my birth,
Best spot in all the earth,
Help me to sing thy worth—
Fit tribute bring.

There many fleeting years—
Scenes full of smiles and tears—

My youth has known;
And not a brook or hill
But I remember still
And I could find at will
Though years have flown.

Past all my childhood days,
But ah, no less of praise
To thee I bring,
But, while this life shall last,
Thoughts oft to thee I'll cast—
Till Heaven is reached at last,
Of thee I'll sing.

CHERRY BLOOMS.

How silently they fell to earth—
Those cherry blooms so white—
E'en as the snow drops, in their mirth,
Fall softly in the night.

And each new breeze that swept the tree,
Unloosed them thick and fast
Until, of blooms, the limbs were free,
And white, the earth, at last.

I thought of hopes, in days gone bye,
That filled my tree of life
That, loosed by breeze of fate, now lie
All conquered in the strife.

But blossoms, that from branch are free,
Shall beautify the ground,
And hopes, 'though ne'er attained to be,
Shall e'en to bless be found.

TO THE RIVER.

“How far is it to the river?”

I asked a little child.

She ceased her play a moment,

Looked up to me and smiled,

Then said, with childish gladness,

“O miles and miles—for me—

Through Childhood Way and Girlhood

And Womanhood, you see;

I scarce can think today of sorrow—

Life has for me no sad tomorrow.

“How far is it to the river?”

I asked a maiden bright.

A moment paused she in her song

And laughed with heart so light,

Then said, with maiden blushes,

“Long years must pass away—

Through Maidenhood and Motherhood

My happy feet must stray;

And coming days seem full of gladness

With scarce a shade of any sadness.”

“How far is it to the river?”

I asked a woman grown,

Whose thirty years of living

No wedded bliss had known.

She said, “There still, before me,

Lie many weary years—

Perhaps some joy in Womanhood

Then Old Age with its fears;

But all, with joy and sorrow blending,

Is ever to the river tending.”

“How far is it to the river?”

A mother asked I then

Who, through long years of joy and pain,

Had watched her boys be men.

She sighed, "Few years before me —
I near its rushing tide;
Although much joy has sweetened pain,
I do not dread to glide
Serenely out upon its crest
And seek fore'er my boon of rest."

"How far is it to the river?"
I asked a woman old,
Whose sight was dim and hair was white
That once was tinged with gold.
She said, "I hear it's current,
I stand upon its shore
And, impatient, wait the rest 'twill bring
In yet a few days more;
Eternal joy lies o'er the river
And blessed gift of peace forever."

And thus they answered me that day —
From little child to woman gray:—
The child died ere the day was done—
The maid, before the rise of sun;
The woman, ere a week was o'er,
Had drifted to the other shore;
And, ere a month had passed away,
The mother's form, in silence, lay
Asleep, and yet the woman gray
Is waiting by the stream to-day.

WATCHING FOR YOU.

I've been watching for you
Since the year was new
And the snow was everywhere,
And the air was keen
And the sun scarce seen
For the heavy clouds up there.

I've been watching for you
Since the Springtime, too,
Went away forever more,
And the roses, so gay,
Bloomed and faded away
On the bush by the kitchen door.

I've been watching for you
Since the summer's skies blue
Changed their hue for leaden gray,
And the leaves from the trees
Were stripped by the breeze
And the Autumn passed away.

I'm still watching for you
'Tho conviction, anew,
Seems taking shape in my brain
That bids me give o'er
My watch by the door
For you'll ne'er return again.

METAMORPHOSIS.

Long she sought a tinted flower,
That to give her lover —
'Though she sought in ev'ry bower,
None could she discover
Save a few of other hue —
Only one of pink would do.

But she heard an angel speak
And she, quickly, at his word,
Laid a white bloom to her cheek
And a blessed change occurred,
For the bloom of white to view
Changed to pink of loveliest hue.

"I CANNOT CALL HIM DEAD."

I cannot call him dead:

The old, sweet face that shone,
Beneath the curly head,
With light of heaven alone.

I cannot call him dead:

The old, glad smile of love
That seemed but Heaven fed
And dropped down from above.

I cannot call him dead:

The old glad ways I knew—
The glance he on me shed
Like angel looking through.

I cannot call him dead:

The old, sweet voice so kind
That always higher led
And heaven kept in mind.

I cannot call him dead,

Nay—"gone," if Heaven so will
But, in my heart, is shed
His presence blessing still.

EVENING.

Twilight gray is softly blending

With the darker hues of night;

Through the sky, as if defending

Blithesome day from sombre night,

Shoots a streak of golden splendor—

'Mid the dark, one ray of light.

All too soon, the struggle over,

Vanquished day now hastes away,

And the shades of evening cover,

'Neath their folds, the venturous ray;

Yet the glow, awhile that lingers,

Tells us of another day.

Now the night, it's robe unfurling,
 Spreads itself o'er earth and sky —
 Shakes its ample fold and, whirling,
 Fall the stars in place on high —
 Each a dot of golden beauty,
 Each one God's protecting eye.

An unspoken benediction
 Breathes itself o'er earth and sky
 And, defying contradiction,
 Comes the thought that God is nigh,
 And secure, and calm, and trusting,
 All the realms of Nature lie.

A LIFE'S STORY.

“O, have you seen her anywhere —
 Happy Alice, young and fair,
 She, about whose snowy breast,
 A heavenly halo seemed to rest.
 She left me years and years ago
 For where — O, that my heart did know —
 They say, she died — to Heaven has gone —
 And left me here on earth forlorn;
 Ah, no! — not so! — transfused hearts
 Relentless death, itself, ne'er parts,
 And, had she gone to join the blest,
 Her loving spirit could not rest
 Till I, who loved her fondly, dear,
 Was by her side, forever near.”

With sideward glance and questioning eyes,
 I looked, thus speaking my surprise
 And, as the speaker turned away,
 With anxious eyes, and rags, and gray,
 I bade my friend to break the spell
 And, if he could, his story tell.
 One glance of pity on the man
 And then his mournful tale began.

“ His is a story often told
 Of youthful lover, manly, bold;
 Of lovely maiden, loving, true,
 With years of wedded bliss in view.
 Alas, to come before they're wed,
 One day the cry goes forth, ‘ She's dead !’
 With mind deranged by sudden grief —
 The fact to him beyond belief —
 He seeks her sadly far and near
 And fades himself from year to year.”

In sympathy I hear the tale
 But passing years soon draw a veil
 Upon the man, whose story sad
 Had damped my spirits once so glad.
 * * * * *
 Once more I see him — dying now,
 The dread, death damp upon his brow,
 Yet words, in consolation given,
 Ne'er soothe his clouded mind to Heaven.
 We watch his face in Christian love,
 And leave the rest to God above.

Sudden he moves — his eyes ope wide —
 The waiting ones are at his side;
 We think the hour has surely come
 That bids his spirit, welcome home.
 With ecstasy upon his face,
 Transformed by glorious, inward grace,
 His lips, but late, so silent, stirred,
 “ Alice — at last — I've found,” we heard,
 And then the beating heart was stilled.
 With thoughts of awe our souls were filled —
 Hard for our minds to understand
 How soul meets soul on Borderland
 But sure, for him, his search was done —
 That now two loving hearts were one;
 And praises quickly broke the spell
 To Him who doeth all things well.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

He stood beside the broken rail —

A wanderer returned —

His eyes filled fast with bitter tears,

His heart with longing burned.

Back to his youthful home he came,

To find the old folks gone —

The old house fallen to decay

And everything forlorn.

And now his thoughts turn back again

To happy boyhood's dreams,

When mother, father, friends were his —

How far away it seems!

He thinks of how he bade good bye

To what now seems so dear,

And started out to try the world

Without a sigh or tear.

And he recalls the parting kiss

A weeping mother gave,

And sighs to think that loving form

Lies silent in the grave.

A longing fills his inmost soul

To see her face some day,

But O, the sins of all the past,

Can they be washed away?

And suddenly, throughout the gloom,

He thinks he hears her voice —

The words she's sung him o'er and o'er

Now make his heart rejoice.

Within the little church near by,

The people sing again

Of "Jesus, lover of my soul"

A refuge of all men.

The wanderer hears, and, touched, his heart
 Is filled with thoughts of God;
 His prayer is raised, "Be merciful
 To me, a sinner, Lord!"

His cry is heard: he feels with joy
 That now, from sin set free,
 With mother, father, gone before,
 His home shall some day be.

Now, weary with the day's long march,
 Beneath the stars he lies
 In sleep, to dream of coming bliss
 In mansions in the skies.

And when the lovely morning comes
 In brightest garments dressed,
 The people find the wanderer
 In dreamless sleep—at rest.

A BOY'S LAMENT.

"I'm in an awful pickle now
 And, when I tell the reason,
 I'm sure you'll say my protest here
 Is decidedly in season:—
 My mother always buys my clothes—
 'Tis strict economy—
 With pants and sleeves a lot too long
 And coat too big for me;
 She'll tell the clerk, 'He's bound to grow
 And that is just the reason
 I buy his clothes a little large—
 To do for him next season.' "

"They're awful big—these clothes of mine—
 And O, I feel so vexed—
 I'd like to buy this season's suit
 And trust luck for the next;

I'm bound to grow — of course I am,
 But still I'd like the joy
 Of wearing clothes that fit me now —
 Like any other boy.
 But O, I musn't think such thoughts —
 It surely must be treason —
 But be resigned to wearing clothes
 To do for me next season."

" But mother will not have me long
 For me such care to give —
 I couldn't eat but half a pie
 This morning — I can't live;
 Ah, me! — I guess it's just as well —
 I am so pestered here
 A wearing clothes that never fit
 Except when worn next year;
 And Heaven must be better'n earth —
 I think I know the reason:—
 You never have to buy your clothes
 To do for you next season."

JUST TO FORGET.

Just to forget life's endless woes and losses—
 The duty hard that never could be done,
 The bitter strife and ever bitter crosses —
 That would be joy at every set of sun.

Just to recall the pleasant words of greeting
 The kindly act that made the morn so bright,
 The vict'ries gained, the faint success we're meeting —
 That would be joy at each approach of night.

Just to forget—but lessons learned by trial
 Would lose their end if passed to ever after miss;
 And joy would pale if never came denial,
 And sour, the sweetness of a never ending bliss.

HER PRAYER.

“ Now I lay me down to sleep,”
My little darling said,
As she knelt beside my knee
Before she went to bed ;
“ I pray the Lord my soul to keep,”
The little voice went on,
“ If I should die ” — she faltered here
And, in a voice forlorn,
Said, “ Mamma, but I want to live —
I do not want to die,
We ’re all so happy here at home —
My papa, you and I.

“ But *if* you die,” I tried to say,
“ Before from sleep you wake,
Just ask the Lord, my fairy dear,
Your little soul to take.”
A troubled face was raised to mine —
The eyes were full of tears —
Reproachfully she looked at me —
My soul was filled with fears ;
“ O mamma, would you have me die?”
My little treasure paused,
’Cause, if you would, why then I’ll say
The rest and go to God.”

And I — what could I do just then
But take her to my breast,
“ My little dear, just say ‘ Amen ’
And never mind the rest.
And then, from out the little eyes,
The tears all cleared away
As when, the gentle shower just past,
The sun breaks through in May ;
And, smilingly, she raised her face,
So happy now again —
“ I guess that God will ’scuse the rest
For Jesus’ sake, amen.”

FLO.

They were gathered in the meeting-house
One happy Summer's day ;
The preacher's sermon had been read—
He was just about to pray,
When, through the open window,
A little bird flew down
And lighted on the altar's rail
In front of Parson Brown.

Our little Flo espied him there
And whispered to her mother,
“Is that God's messenger, mamma,
Come for me or baby brother?”
A pang shot through the mother's heart,
“No, Flo, be still again,”
And then she murmured, “Lord, not yet!”
Tho' she knew her prayer was vain.

For our little Flo was fading fast—
A few short months in bloom,
Ere she was called to join the blest
And we laid her in the tomb.
And now, when Summertime is come
With singing birds and flowers,
We think of Flo at home, at rest—
That singing bird of ours.

THEN AND NOW.

So lonely without you :
The days come and go —
The Summer and gladness,
The Winter and snow ;
The Spring with its blossoms,
The blight of the Fall,
Yet lonely without you —
So lonely through all.

So lonely without you :
 Since you went away,
The night is so gloomy —
 So lonely the day ;
The morn brings no gladness—
 So late full of cheer,
The eve comes with sadness
 Since you are not here.

So lonely without you —
 A step! — can it be? —
Do you, long since parted,
 Rain kisses on me?
I feel your embraces
 'Round me as of yore,
I know your love changeless —
 “ So lonely ” no more!

SINCE THE OLD MAN DIED.

Things is kinder lonely here,
 Since the old man died —
All the time a feelin' queer,
 Since the old man died —
Feeling kinder blue always,
In the nights as well as days —
Miss his pert and cheerful ways,
 Since the old man died.

Haint no heart to knit at all,
 Since the old man died —
Every weather seems like Fall,
 Since the old man died —
Like to sit out in his chair
'N watch the sky away out there —
Sit and wait without a care,
 Since the old man died.

Voices I can seem to hear,
 Since the old man died —
All the time a gittin' near,
 Since the old man died —
And I seem to hear 'em say,
 "Come away! O come away" —
Soon, O soon! is all I pray,
 Since the old man died.

DREAMING AND WAKING.

I dreamed : the sky above me
 Was bright and Nature, sweet
And, best of all, you loved me
 And made my joy complete;
A little cottage held us,
 A tiny face gazed o'er—
The boy you brought each evening
 To greet me at the door.

I woke : I found you bending
 Just o'er my couch in love—
Your fair white face was lending
 A glow as from above.
My dream was truth but, better,
 Was but the shade of real,
For waking was far sweeter
 Than any vague ideal.

O happy, such awakening—
 A joy denied to most—
When comes no inward quaking
 Nor haunts no dismal ghost;
When just to live is gladness,
 And life seems never pain,
And sleep but brings a sadness,
 And forgetfulness is pain.

"A LITTLE WHILE, THEN HOME."

A little while, then home
And glad for us the day—
No more to need to roam
Along a cheerless way;
Our hearts, with joy, are light
At thinking of it all:—
The welcome there, so bright
And pleasant to recall;

The mother at the door
Who greet us with a kiss
And 'round her, sisters four—
But O, the one we miss!
The father from his shop
Who clasps in ours his hand
(The tears he scarce can stop!)
Completes our happy hand.

The friends that come at night
To greet the boy right well;
The tales he tells—some bright,
Some sorrowful to tell;
The music played—not grand
But full of deepest joy;
The merry-making band—
No care now to annoy.

"A little while, then home"
Some day a gladder time
Than when afar we'd roam
And come back to home's clime—
Angelic welcome there
And dear ones, friends—all there,
And, then, no tint of pain
And, then, no vacant chair.

I hear the voice—so glad!—
 They raise in welcome there,
 And nothing ever sad
 Is heard upon the air;
 And, over all, the Light
 Of Worlds is ever shed
 In benediction, sweet,
 On each once-lonesome head.

LIFE AND DEATH.

She was singing, sadly singing,
 As she wandered 'neath the trees,
 And the words, so softly floating,
 To my ears, bourne on the breeze—
 Words which voiced the gloomy thought
 That possessed my soul, were these:

Is life worth living if its joy—
 Short lived, as is the beauteous rose—
 Must, so sure and swift, be covered
 By an avalanche of woes?

But O, to die! — no more beyond
 This wretched life, you say, for me?
 Your words bring hope yet O, I fear
 To take the step that sets me free.

My soul is filled with fears and doubts —
 O, is it all of death to die?
 O wretched, wretched man I am —
 Why was I born? O why, O why!

And an echo in my bosom
 Answers back, O why, O why!

* * * * *

A year has passed: again she sings,
 But now I hear the glad refrain —

The song that, echoing thro' the years,
Has filled with hope the hearts of men —
Has bade them look to Christ who said,
“Because I live, shall ye again.”

And I believe, since God is just,
That, though this form may lie in dust,
That rise, as did my Lord, I must
To dwell with him on High.
To dwell with Him — no care, no pain
Shall ever rend this form again;
Serenely safe shall I remain —
I fear not *now* to die!

MY FRIEND.

We met one day—my little friend
And I so gray and old—
And, in my lonely life, did blend
New warmth that once was cold.

We 'joyed each other day by day—
New lessons learned from each,
And much of care we chased away
By lessons each did teach.

I loved him so—this little friend—
I know he loved me too;
He, to my life, such joy did lend
I did not dream near through.

But, on a day when skies were clear
And birds were singing gay,
This little friend, I loved so dear,
A sudden went away.

And now the days are bare and cold
That then new joys warmed o'er—
Life's story far more dreary told
Than e'er it was before.

And I, in sadness, wait the day—
For me, so old, soon here—
When, in the land not far away,
I'll meet the one so dear.

Ah, joyful then—as I shall see—
Through time to never end,
“Forever with the Lord” to be—
Forever with my friend.

INVOCATION FOR A BIBLE.

A psalm of praise,
Through all the days,
I evermore would sing—
Though bright the skies,
Though clouds should rise,
Through all let praises ring.

And yet the days,
When nought of praise
Is with me, come so oft!
For doubt and fear
Is ever near
To drown my peace of heart.

O, take these fears!—
Their wall uprears
Between my soul and Thee,
And, when I look
Within this Book,
May I such beauty see

That faith shall soar
And cares give o'er
To sweetest peace and rest;
And songs of praise,
Through all the days,
Shall make me always blessed.

AGAINST FATE.

They carried her over the river—
And she such a weak, wee thing—
And thought that the change there would give her
New life and health again bring.

They severed the old ties so tender,
Of home and of love and of friends,
And thought that the new ties would lend her
The strength that new interest sends.

They caused two fond hearts to sever
The dear ties that bound them that day,
Unthinking that those linked can never
Be happy when parted for aye.

They brought her back 'cross the river
And O, her form lay so still:—
Death brought the change they would give her
For loneliness nothing can fill.

THE COMFORTER.

Lo, in the night of pain and keenest sorrow,
O hark to the voice that speaks of comfort near—
Telling that joy and peace will come tomorrow
And light reign once more and the clouds all disappear:—

“O come unto me, ye now that weep in sadness”—
O hark to the One who knows that all is best!—
“O come unto me—the morn shall dawn in gladness—
O come unto me and I will give you rest!”

And, now, the heart, so lately full of sorrow,
Has harked to the voice that bade its sorrow cease;
And now, at last, the “beautiful tomorrow”
Has dawned bringing light and deepest joy and peace.

SAME AS I.

Humph!—there goes that niggah

Es proud es proud can be—

He feels a heap sight bigger

'N' just looks down on me;

Y'd think he owned creation,

His nose is stuck so high,

But yet, on our plantation,

He hoes—the same as I.

But git to work

And never shirk—

The overseer is nigh;

That on'ry coon,

This very noon,

Will marry—same as I.

Yes, that is why his nose is

Raised up now to the sun,

'N' such an air reposes

A sick'nin' ev'ry one;

He's got two days vacation

T' git the job done s pry,

'N' then, on our plantation,

He'll hoe—the same as I.

But git to hoin',

Time is goin'

'N' noon is drawin' nigh—

We'll see the fun,

When work is done,

So tarry—same as I.

O yes, he'll get a wife

That's better'n' him I guess

'N' won't lead him such a life

Because she's fond o' dress;

A cottage, neat, they say

Th' massa gives him nigh,

'N' here, about all day,

He'll hoe—the same as I.
 But mind your task—
 Don't stop to bask,
 The time is goin' by—
 Just come with me
 'N' then you'll see
 The weddin'—same as I.
 'N' then the day may dawn
 When trials hard are near,
 'N' many a bitter moan,
 'N' many a bitter tear;
 But then the day will cease
 With trust all still on High,
 'N' then, next day, in peace,
 He'll hoe—the same as I.
 But, there you go!—
 O my, this hoe
 My ol' back's breakin' nigh;
 At last 'tis noon
 'N' now that coon
 Will marry—same as I.

THE PROPHECY.

O sing me a song, my bird, tonight
 That the waning day shall hear,
 And, 'raptured, forget to take its course,
 And the stars forget to appear.
 And the bird it sang a beauteous song,
 From its leafy bower that day—
 A song the waning day could hear
 And, hearing, missed its way.
 For it sang of a Now when all men live,
 One law controlling all—
 The Law of Love their daily guide—
 And self with pain recall.

* * * * *

I woke: the bird of my dream was gone
With all its beauteous song—
The bird of truth was singing there
Of selfishness and wrong.

It sang how it filled the earth around
With woe and want and pain,
And seemed to sigh that the Law of Love
Could never hold sway again;

Yet took, at last, a strain of hope
As it sang that, here and there,
Were scattered the true and noble ones
Who Christly hearts now wear.

And the leaven should spread and fill the earth—
More hopeful it sang to me—
Till the earth should be filled with the glory of God
As the waters cover the sea.

ADMONITION.

Dear little girlie, why cry any more,
'Though the dream of the morning has fast passed away—
'Though the feet of your Childhood on Maidenhood's shore
Are stepping, and Girlhood has quite gone for aye?

True, there is sadness that dear youth is o'er—
That Womanhood now with its care is begun;
And conviction is born that grows, more and more,
That life is scarce entered before it is done.

And yet, little girlie, why cry any more,
'Though the sigh for the past can never quite cease?—
O, womanly start out from Girlhood's fair shore
In a strife which, all conquered, shall bring sweetest peace.

ON THE WAY.

On 'the way to town he met her,
On the way,
And he vowed she ne'er looked better
Than that day.

Stop, he couldn't help but do it
On the way,
Though he ever more might rue it,
As they say.

Then, somehow, they walked together
On the way—
Talked of things, especially weather—
Quite passe.

Then, somehow, his heart beat faster
On the way—
'Fore he knew it he had asked her,
"Will you May?"

Then, somehow, she didn't refuse him
On the way—
She was awful 'fraid she'd lose him,
So they say.

Now they walk together finely
On the way—
Two are one, almost divinely,
Glad for aye.

HANKERIN' FOR YOU.

'Twan't best, cause you was rich
And "cultured" as they say,
And I was just a country lad,
And so you went away;
But yet we loved each other
And O, our love was true
And sadly do I miss you—
I'm hankerin' for you!

'Twas summer when we parted—
The birds sang in the trees
And, everywhere, were wafted
Sweet odors by the breeze;
But, since you went, the winter
Has come with chill anew
And, o'er my life, has settled—
I'm hankerin' for you!

I miss your smile and gladness,
Your bright and happy way—
And do you long for me, dear,
As some folks here now say?—
O, come back as in old days
To one who knows you true—
Come back to one who loves you—
I'm hankerin' for you.

OVER THE FENCE.

Over the fence a little boy lives,
Happy and bright as the day is long,
And I listen, up here, to the laugh he gives—
His happy voice and his gladsome song.

And, listening here, the cares fall away
That seemed so heavy before he came,
And work seems lighter, day by day,
And farther away seems sin and shame.

And I read me a sermon as I listen and muse:
How much of good can a glad heart do!
To gladden the sad and joy diffuse—
Perhaps never knowing its blessing, too.

And, then, how it widens—this circle of joy
From a pebble of cheer tossed in weary world's tide—
On, ever on to the man from the boy,
From man still on—immeasurably wide!

CONTRASTS.

I

A soft, sweet breath in the pleasant air —
A Summer day tinted with Fall —
A quiet gladness everywhere,
A question—that is all.

An answer, hard understood at first,
A joy gone ne'er to recall,
Two lives, forever after cursed,
A Hades—that is all.

II

A cold, bleak blast on the bitter air —
A Winter day tinting the Fall —
A dreary sadness everywhere,
A question—that is all.

An answer, hard understood for joy,
Suspense gone ne'er to recall,
Two lives of bliss without alloy,
A Heaven—that is all.

DRIFTING APART.

Glad in each other—happy day!—
Chasing each other's gloom away;
Only to be with each was joy,
Only to be apart, annoy—
So passed the days of love, new found,
And joy was scattered from them around.

But loving lost it's first found joy
And, stealthily, crept in alloy—
Half unnoticed each, at first,
Nor dreamed their lives to be so cursed;
Nor changed was all for steadier flame—
'Twas reaching beyond friendship's claim.

'Twere better that some open cause
For sudden dearth of love there was
For then, so oft, accepted fate
Resigns to change that loved of late,
And each content to dwell apart
Nor pain nor sadness rends the heart.

At last th'awakening comes to each—
Too late!—beyond each other's reach!—
Nor wish nor ever fond desire
May fan the spark to sometime fire,
But each, remorsefully, must tell
The saddest fate that e'er befell.

And, sighing for the joy that was,
And longing to find and heal the cause,
Each ever on his weary way
Must go and wish the olden day.
Too late!—the joy—'twas Heaven for each—
Has gone, and gone beyond all reach.

ROVER.

Got a little yaller dog
To our house, you see,
And he's lively as a frog—
Lots o' fun for me.

Take him everywhere I go,
'Cept o' course to school
An' to meetin' church, you know—
That's against the rule.

Lots o' sport have Rover 'n' I
Goin' off together,
Whether dark or clear the sky—
In every sort o' weather.

Then, when pop gets home from work,
Rover 'n' I will play—

Pop says, makes him feel more perk
Seein' us that way.

'Cause, since mammy went away,
Years and years ago,
Poppy's sad most every day
Longin' for her so.

Some folks think a dog's no good—
Rover is, that's clear:—
A dog a friskin', as he should,
'Ll bless afar an' near.

'N cheerin' 's just the thing on earth,
The parson says, to do,
'N' seems to me a dog's some worth
That's allers cheerin' you.

I WONDER.

I wonder if she cares
For me as once she did,
I wonder if she shares
My feelings, once unhid.

I wonder if she knows
I love her just the same—
I fear her fair face shows
She thinks I'm all to blame.

But then, I can but try
Though spurned perhaps I'll be,
“Ahem,—Marie, don't cry,
I've some good news for thee.”

She turns, she pouts, “Well, what?”
(Aha, “so far, so good”—
You see I'd not forgot
Her curious womanhood).

“The silk at Blank and Co’s.—
You need no longer wait—
Is marked, the paper shows,
From *one* to *ninety-eight*.”

And am I yet alive—
From kisses free at last?
I am, and happy thrive
Relieved from worry, vast,
My thought—inspired, that came—
Had met with best success:
She says, “The quarrel’s blame
Was all mine, dear, I guess.”

LINES FOR A GOLDEN WEDDING.

’Tis Spring:—

A happy man and maiden fair
Join hands and vow their lives to share;
The present has its fill of bliss—
The future hides its bitterness,
And forward into life they go
And not a thought of trials know.

’Tis Summer:—

The happiest, merriest time is here
Of all the gladsome wedded year;
Unclouded still, the sky of bliss—
Each seeks the others happiness
And, happy in a mutual love,
They leave all else to God above.

’Tis Autumn:—

Hark, with ominous, fitful winds,
The stern reality of life begins,
And clouds of sorrow cross the sky
And pale the cheek and dim the eye,
But in God’s promises they rest
And meekly say, “Thy will is best.”

'Tis Winter:—

And what tho' round them storms may break,
They have a faith that naught can shake,
And each is more submissive still
To what may be the Maker's will;
And, hopeful, day by day they go
Reward is not far off they know.

And so have passed the fifty years

And, on this Anniversary Day,
Forget the past and cares and fears—

Be glad and happy while we may.
Congratulations, hold full sway!

Good wishes, come from every hand!

And may we brighten here today

The pathway to the "Better Land."

WHEN SHE WAS HERE.

'Twas easy to be good when she was here:

The evil thought that held us fast,

Before the spell of good she cast,

Would fade away, when she was near.

'Twas easy to be good when she was here:

Th' impatient, harsh, unfeeling word,

From out our lips, she never heard—

It died away when she was near.

'Twas easy to be good when she was here:

The unkind act remained undone,

Forgotten, for our hearts were won

To pure and lovely things when she was near.

O, to be such as she were blessing dear—

So full of love and charity

That even we might yield as she

A spell of good when men were near.

REVELATION.

O bird, stay your flight
To the lofty air, singing,
And bear me tonight
From the world and it's sinning.

The day has been long
And the strife ne'er relaxes
'Twixt the right and the wrong,
But more fiercely waxes.

And the bird stayed his flight,
A message to give me,
And the voice heard that night
Will never more leave me:

Your strife, weary mortal,
Will never be past
Till, through Heaven's portal,
Your soul goes, at last.

Yet ne'er wish it over
Before that fair day
Or, like me, to hover
From earth far away;

The soul, God ward trusting,
That fights day by day
And, thus, keeps from rusting
His armor away,

Will find Heaven fairer
For vict'ries gained here,
And joys, rich and rarer,
Will ever be near.

